

The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefeſt toſſe?
This, and Saint George to boot, what thinkeſt thou not.

Nor. A good direction warlike ſoueraigne, *He ſheweth
him a paper.*
Thiſ found I one my tent this morning.

*Jackey of Norfolk, be not to bold,
For Dickes thy maſter is bought and ſold.*

King. A thing deuſed by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our ſoules,
Conſcience is a word that towards vſe,
Deuiſdeas firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our conſciences, our ſwords our lawe,
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration
to his army.*
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inſord,
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A ſort of vababonds, Raſcals, and run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe lackey peſants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To deſperate aduentures and aſſur'd deſtruction,
You ſleeping ſafe they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing lands, and bleſt with beauctious wiues,
They would reſtaine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers coſt,
A milke-ſop one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold as ouer ſhoes in ſnow:
Lets whip theſe ſtraglers ore the ſeas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouerweening rags of France,
Theſe famiſht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare theſe drum,

of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of England fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with yonr broken ſtaues,
What ſaies Lord Stanley will he bring his power?

Meſ. My Lord he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his ſonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord the enemy is paſt the marſh,
After the battell let George Stanley die.

King. A thouſand hearts are great with in my boſome,
Aduance our ſtandards, ſet vpon our ſoet,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George
Inſpire vs with the ſpeeche of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory ſits one our helpeſ.

Alarm excursions, Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcew my Lord of Norfolk, reſcew reſcew,
The King enacte more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger,

His horſe is ſlaine, and all one foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,

Reſcew, faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt. *Enter Richard.*

King. A horſe, a horſe my Kingdome for a horſe.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horſe.

King. Slaue I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die,

I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
Fieue haue I ſlaine to day inſtead of him.

A horſe, a horſe, my kingdome for a horſe:

*Alarm, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is
ſlaine then reſtraint being ſounded. Enter Richmond. Darby
bearing the Crowne with other Lords.*

Rich. God and your arme be praiſed victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long viſurped royalties,

From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes with all,

Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heanen ſay Amen to all,